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OF

HIS GRACE THE

MOST REV. EDWARD M'CABE, D.D.

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

AND

PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

BY A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN.

Second Edition.

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

DUBLIN:

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THE LIFE
OF
THE LATE
CARDINAL McCABE,

Archbishop of Dublin,
PRIMATE OF IRELAND, ETC.

WHO

Died on Wednesday, the 11th February, 1885.

BY A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
HIS LAST PASTORAL.

Dublin:
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A MEMOIR

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LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



WHEN His Eminence the late Cardinal Cullen, was called to his reward, it became the duty and the privilege of the Chapter and the parish priests of Dublin to assemble, and tender their votes for his successor. This proceeding could not, strictly speaking, be called an election, it was only a recommendation, permitted, in such cases, to the Catholic Church in Ireland, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation, promulgated in June, 1829. By that decree, and according to the Sacred Canons, the Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province in which a bishopric becomes vacant, summons, within a limited time, all those who have the right to tender votes for the filling up of the See. In the case of Dublin, it was the Metropolitan himself, the late Cardinal, who had died, so that the duty of summoning the Clergy entitled to vote, devolved upon the senior Suffragan Bishop of the Province of Dublin, who, in the present instance, was the Venerable and Right Reverend James Walsh, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. In accordance with these rules and regulations, the surviving members of the Chapter of Dublin, together with the parish priests, in all, fifty-one voters, assembled in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough-street, on the 28th day of November last, under the presidency of the above-named senior Suffragan Bishop.

The list of those qualified to vote having been called over, and two scrutineers having been appointed, each voter wrote, on a slip of paper, the name of the person for whom he voted, folded it, and with his own hand, placed it in a receiver, or ballot-box, imme-

diately in front of the scrutineers. All the votes having been given, the receiver was unlocked, its contents taken out, and carefully counted over by the scrutineers to see that the number of voting papers corresponded with the number of voters who had answered to their names. The voting papers were then examined secretly by the scrutineers, and their contents taken down by the Secretary. As soon as this somewhat tedious but very important business was concluded, the result was announced to the assembled clergy as follows :—

The Rt Rev Edward M'Cabe, Bishop of Gadara, Bishop Assistant to His Eminence the late Cardinal Archbishop, and Vicar Capitular of Dublin				 43 votes.
The Right Rev Patrick Moran, Bishop of Ossory				 7 „
The Right Rev Mgr. Woodlock, Rector of the Catholic University				1 vote.

Thus, the election, so far as it can be called such, of an Archbishop for the great Metropolitan See of Dublin, resulted in an amount of unanimity seldom or never attained on such occasions. The Right Rev Dr M'Cabe, as parish priest of Kingstown, had the privilege to vote, and no one doubted that the one vote recorded for Dr. Woodlock was that of his friend Dr. M'Cabe. An account of the result of the voting was immediately drawn up, all the voters being still present, and then sealed, in order to be forwarded to Rome. After due deliberation the College of Cardinals unanimously confirmed the election of Dr. M'Cabe as Archbishop of Dublin, to which his Holiness gave his assent on the 15th of March, 1879.

The youth who, in the designs of Providence, was, one day, to be a ruler in Israel, was born in Dublin about the year 1813. He received his early education in the principal Catholic school of that city, which was founded by the Rev. Father Doyle, one of the priests attached to the parish of SS. Michael and John. Several ecclesiastics, who afterwards attained to the episcopal dignity, received their preparatory training in Father Doyle's school ; amongst whom may be named, the Right Rev. Matthew Quinn, now Lord Bishop of Bathurst ; the Right Rev. James Quinn (his brother), Lord Bishop of Queensland ; and the Right Rev. James Murray, Lord Bishop of Maitland. Dr. M'Cabe entered the rhetoric class at Maynooth in

August, 1833, that being the National Ecclesiastical College of Ireland, then, as it is now.*

The first impression made upon him by college rules and college discipline, whilst it showed his inexperience, manifested also the high and chivalrous spirit with which the young freshman entered upon his career. He often related in after-life, the surprise and disappointment he felt at finding that deans and other superiors were deemed necessary for superintending the students at their various duties; he being of opinion that the spirit with which an aspirant to the ecclesiastical state should enter upon the preparation for his sacred calling ought to be such as to make surveillance unnecessary. A little experience convinced him of the security it gives "to live under a superior, and not be at our own disposal."†

Dr. M'Cabe went through the full curriculum of studies at Maynooth with much success. Considering the fine dispositions with which he entered college, it is not surprising that he soon won the respect of his professors and spiritual guides, and became distinguished, even among the distinguished, for devoted attention to all his duties, and the most edifying fervour in God's service. He was equally loved by his fellow students and his superiors. He received priest's orders in June, 1839, at the hands of his Archbishop, the Venerable and Most Rev. Dr. Murray, and was imme-

* The Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, was incorporated by law in the year 1795, and opened for students in the month of October, the same year; when for the first time since the penal code had been inflicted on Ireland, "Catholic young men could be educated for the priesthood in their own country, without incurring the penalty of death or transportation." From that time down to the present, Maynooth has been the great "nursery of the Irish priesthood." The feeling in Ireland has always been that the establishment and endowment of that college by Government, was as much an act of policy as of justice. The French Revolution, which broke out in 1789, alarmed England for the safety of Ireland, in consequence of which a large measure of justice was granted to the Catholics in 1793, which was followed, two years later, by the establishment of the College of Maynooth. This great institution, one of the largest of the kind in the world, numbered, some years ago, between five and six hundred students within its walls. The number has become somewhat less, since Mr Gladstone's disestablishing Bill came into force, but is still, we believe, over four hundred, and is increasing. Many of the ecclesiastics who were educated there became greatly distinguished at home and abroad for their learning and ability—all for their fervent zeal in God's service. At home they have been not only the faithful pastors of the people, but their fearless and patriotic leaders as well. Abroad they are in such repute that a foreign prelate who can secure one or two Maynooth priests for his diocese, feels that he has secured a valuable treasure.

† "Imitation of Christ." Book I.

diately appointed to a curacy in the suburban Parish of Clontarf. When the newly-ordained Father M'Cabe went to Clontarf, the missionary staff of that parish, like that of many parishes in the diocese, was inadequate to its onerous and ever-increasing duties. Hence, the few priests who were there were overworked.

His life, like that of many other missionary priests, was uniform—even, perhaps, monotonous; it consisted of sick calls, in a very large parish, all the week; heavy confessional duty; the celebration of two masses every Sunday and holiday, and the preaching of two sermons, as a rule, one at each Mass; the work began early on those days, and ended late, the young priest not being free to break his fast until about one o'clock p.m. In this way passed the first fourteen years of his missionary career.

We ask the reader's permission to make a slight digression here, to say a word or two upon the nature and effect of this kind of work, which is the common rule throughout Ireland. 1. On Saturdays and the eves of holidays, the duty of the confessional, in most places (thanks be to God), is very heavy; the priest, of course, always has his office to recite, and, as becomes a good missionary, he must prepare beforehand spiritual instruction for his people on the morrow. These important duties take so much time that we have known priests who could never retire to rest until half-past twelve or one o'clock on Sunday morning! And such a Sunday before them, too—such working—such fasting. Oh, how many have sunk into early graves overwhelmed by this labour. Alas, we know their name is legion. 2. A priest's is a valuable life. You cannot make a priest as you would make a lawyer or a physician. The priest must have a special vocation—he must be called by God to this holiest of states, besides which he must have superior talents, and spend some fourteen or fifteen years of school and college life, not only in cultivating his talents, but that, by being subject to strict rules, he may acquire those habits and virtues which will enable him to practice mortification and self denial, and thereby prepare him for the duty of offering to Almighty God the tremendous sacrifice of the New Law. Moreover, he is to practice those virtues not merely for his own sanctification, but that he, as a Master, may teach them to others by his preaching and example. For these

considerations, in fact, from every consideration we can apply to it, a priest's life is valuable ; let us not therefore be deemed dictatorial, or presumptuous, when we say that we think that the modification, as far as possible, of late Sunday Masses, and consequent long fasting, on the part of priests, is a question that might be well taken up and examined by those who are appointed to rule the Church of God. We remember a lady friend of ours, who resided much abroad, telling us that she once remarked to the Papal Nuncio that she was surprised that there was no Mass later than ten o'clock where she was then living. This was his reply : "Late Masses shorten the lives of our priests, which causes the Church to lose their services, when, by their matured sense and experience, they become most valuable to her." A wise saying worthy of grave consideration.

The circumstance which gave rise to the friendship which subsisted for so many years between his Eminence the late Cardinal and Dr. M'Cabe, is somewhat peculiar, highly honourable to both, and is worth recording here. The National Synod of Thurles was held in 1850. From the moment it was known that a National Synod was to be assembled, it was looked forward to with the greatest interest, as no such important event had taken place in Ireland for a long series of years. It is well known that many wise laws and regulations were passed in that Synod. In due time its decrees were printed, and copies of them supplied to the Irish clergy. As might be expected, they were made a leading subject of discussion in the theological conferences which are yearly held, according to rule, in each diocese throughout the country. Not long after this Synod had taken place, the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen was translated from Armagh to Dublin, and it at once became his practice to attend the Theological Conferences of the Clergy, not only in the city, but in the suburbs also. The interpretation of the synodical decrees of Thurles, like all such decrees belonged to theologians and men versed in canon law ; as might be anticipated, every word and phrase of those decrees was weighed and sifted, and different men took somewhat different views of some of them. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen was known to hold an opinion with regard to the meaning of a particular decree, in which some others did not agree with him, one of whom was Father Edward M'Cabe, then a hard-working, retiring

curate in the parish of Clontarf. In anticipation of the Archbishop's presence at one of the Conferences of that Deanery, where the decrees of Thurles were to form a part, and the most important part of the matter set down for discussion, some of his fellow-priests said, beforehand, to Fr. M'Cabe, "The Archbishop will be at the Conference, you hold an opinion different from his on the interpretation of one of the decrees of Thurles—will you maintain it in his presence?" Dr. Cullen's name and fame, to say nothing of his position and authority, were such as not to make it at all desirable to have an intellectual conflict with him. So Father M'Cabe felt. But he replied, in his own frank and manly way, that he had no desire to hold a discussion with the Archbishop—far from it—but that if the question arose in the course of the Conference, he had no objection to state the views he held with regard to it, and to give his reasons for those views. The question did arise, and the humble curate soon found himself in a discussion with his new and famous Archbishop. Dr. M'Cabe often described afterwards to friends, the awe and trepidation with which he approached the subject, but such was the kind and fatherly manner of his Most Rev. Superior that, in a very short time he said he "felt himself perfectly at home." The Archbishop admired the knowledge and ability of the young theologian, and soon extended to him his confidence and friendship—a friendship which endured for over a quarter of a century, which grew stronger and more tender with years, and never suffered a moment's interruption, until the former devoted and laborious curate of Clontarf—now a V.G. and a bishop—broken-hearted and bathed in tears, received the last sigh of his attached friend, the Cardinal-Archbishop, on his death-bed in Eccles-street, on the sadly memorable 24th of October, 1878.

Soon after the discussion referred to, Father M'Cabe was transferred from the curacy of Clontarf, to the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street of which he was, within a limited time, made administrator.

The Right Rev. Dr. Devereux, Bishop of Grahamstown, the capital of the Eastern province of the Cape of Good Hope, died in 1854. It being an English settlement, a successor to that most estimable and lamented prelate was naturally looked for in these countries, and the Archbishop of Dublin, so well known at Rome,

recommended his administrator, Father M'Cabe, for the important position. He was appointed in due time, but entirely against his own wishes and feelings. He loved then, as he always did, the quiet, unobtrusive, thorough work of the mission; his health, too, was considerably impaired, and, everything considered, he resolved to use his best efforts to avoid this new dignity. He put forward all the reasons he could for refusing it, but it was only after eight or nine months of anxiety that he succeeded, and, even then with great difficulty, in getting free from the mitre of Grahamstown.

The Very Rev. Matthew Flanagan, Chancellor of the diocese of Dublin, and P.P. of St. Nicholas Without, having died in April, 1856, the Rev. Edward M'Cabe, who had been previously made Canon of Timothan, was appointed to that important parish. He found plenty of work there, and he at once set about doing it in good earnest. The proselytizers, or, as they are named in Ireland, the "Soupers," had invaded, as their custom was, the poorest district under his care, and had opened a school to entrap the children of the destitute; and so bold an attitude had they assumed, that on the occasion of a Mission given in the parochial Church, a body of them proceeded to within a short distance of the sacred edifice, and began to denounce the Catholic Church in general, and Missions in particular, as superstitious and idolatrous, undertaking, at the same time, to prove their assertions, and challenging contradiction. They had the good luck to escape from the enraged people with their lives, but with such a wholesome dread of future consequences, that they did not venture on a second invasion. Canon M'Cabe immediately proceeded to erect Schools, and so vigorously did he push forward the work, that in a short time he had Schools, and a residence for teachers, not only of great extent, but commodious, handsome, and of the most substantial architecture. In them he placed a community of Christian Brothers; so the Soupers soon found their occupation gone, and their position in the parish untenable. He also commenced the Church of St. Kevin, in Harrington Street, now one of the handsomest ecclesiastical edifices in Dublin, and had it well advanced towards completion before his removal to Kingstown. It was during the time that he was P.P. of St. Nicholas Without, that the late Cardinal-Archbishop appointed him one of his Vicars-General.

When the Rev. B. Sheridan, P.P., of Kingstown, died, in 1862, he had made some progress with the building of a church of humble design and dimensions in Monkstown. The Rev. James Cavanagh, his senior curate, was appointed to administer the parish until a parish priest would be appointed. He at once took the new church of Monkstown in hand, with the intention of enlarging and completing it. He consulted Messrs. Pugin and Ashlin, the well-known architects, as to what ought to be done in the case, who pronounced it impossible to erect a church worthy of the locality, if the design on which the existing foundations were laid was to be followed. Having taken time for consideration, Rev. Fr. Cavanagh came in to the architects' views, and obtained a new plan from them, which has resulted in what a good authority has characterized as "an architectural gem," and "perhaps the most exquisite structure of its size and class erected in the Three Kingdoms for the past three hundred years." Father Cavanagh did not live long enough to finish the church he had so happily begun ; having been about a year and a half administrator, and another year and a half parish priest, he was called to his reward on the 29th of March, 1865. On the day of his months' memory, the Archbishop (not yet a Cardinal) having pronounced a warm eulogium on the departed parish priest, installed the Very Rev. Dr. M'Cabe, V.G. in his place, who was then and had been for some time in poor health. When the rumour got abroad that he was about to be appointed to the parish of Kingstown, a friend said to the Archbishop :—" I understand Your Grace is about to take Canon M'Cabe from us, and to send him to Kingstown." " Yes," he replied, " the change of air may be of service to him, and you know we must do what we can to preserve his valuable life."

When Dr. M'Cabe entered upon his duties as parish priest of Kingstown, the number of curates he found there was quite inadequate to the duties of that laborious mission. The Catholic population was very large, and Kingstown being the most favourite suburb of Dublin, it expanded year after year, with great rapidity. He increased his missionary staff, divided the parish into districts, and cut out the work in such a manner that the poorest family in the most obscure lane, was reached by the searching visitation of the priest who had charge of the district. All this meant great

and constant work, but no one could complain of over-work in presence of a man who was not only the head priest, but the head worker of the parish. Dr. M'Cabe's intercourse with his priests was most kind and fatherly, always giving them the example of the highest apostolic spirit, in his zeal for the salvation of souls. It was not by persuasive words merely he sought to influence others, he reasoned with them by his heroic acts—a species of logic which is far more convincing than any amount of plausible dialectics. Long before any of his friends thought he was destined by Divine Providence to wear a mitre, one who knew him well, was wont to apply to him the words read in the Mass of a Bishop and Confessor : “ *Ecce sacerdos magnus*,” “ Behold a great Priest.”

Dr. M'Cabe's energy and zeal reached everything. He pushed forward the completion of St. Patrick's Church at Monkstown with his usual vigour, in which he was most ably seconded by his clergy. It was soon advanced enough to be dedicated ; after the dedication the work was proceeded with as before, and it is now, and for some years has been, one of the most beautiful, and, doubtless, the completest church of its dimensions, to be found in Ireland. Every window in it is filled with stained glass ; the seven rich windows of its beautiful apse are made up of two histories, calculated to afford never failing subjects of meditation to the good people who frequent St. Patrick's. They are (1) the principal events in the life of our Divine Lord, and (2) the principal events in the life of St. Patrick, the great Apostle of Ireland. This church has three marble altars of chaste design, carefully and elaborately wrought out. They are, we believe, the pious gifts of individual Catholics residing in the locality ; the facade is pierced by a rose window of great beauty, beneath which is the organ loft, sustained by an arch which wins the admiration of architects themselves.

Some time after St Patrick's had been regularly opened for public service, Dr. M'Cabe turned his attention to the improvement of St. Michael's Church (the parochial church) Kingstown. This structure had been enlarged from time to time, to meet the growing requirements of the neighbourhood, but these extensions were made without any comprehensive or well digested plan, and Dr. M'Cabe saw that the Church, although a large one, was not in other respects

worthy of the place. He had a new and independent design made, which was so arranged as to abolish the old church, as the new one was proceeded with. Much of this new church has been already built, but a good deal remains yet to be done.

St. Michael's Hospital is another of Dr. M'Cabe's noble works ; and it alone, had he done no other, would have made his career, as parish priest of Kingstown, remarkable and glorious. When he was appointed to that parish, there was at Monkstown a small hospital, containing, if we rightly recollect, six beds. When it was built, about the year 1834, Kingstown was but a village : since that time the great suburb had increased so wonderfully that the Rathdown Hospital, as it was called for years, looked like a fly in amber—it was the oldest inhabitant—a quaint memorial of the past, which, one would suppose, had been, by some mysterious agency, transported from an obscure, out-of-the-way village, and dropped down amongst the palatial residences with which it was surrounded in fashionable Monkstown. There was even more than this in it, it owned no Catholic influence, and the priests who attended the sick there could never find a drop of holy water within its walls, and this spirit of sectarian exclusiveness was carried further ; in Kingstown and Monkstown, as might be expected, the wealthier classes are chiefly Protestant, whilst the industrious classes and the poor, who constitute the great majority of the population, are almost exclusively Catholic ; under these circumstances, Dr. M'Cabe put forward the very modest proposal that there should be, at least, one Catholic physician to aid in administering medical relief in the dispensaries, and in visiting the sick poor at their dwellings.

By a new division of the municipal wards of Kingstown and Monkstown, the Protestants found themselves strong enough to refuse this arrangement, which they accordingly did, and appointed Protestants. Such a parish priest as Dr. M'Cabe being in Kingstown, this contemptible tyranny turned out to be a blessing ; for, with that courage which never failed him, and with that indomitable perseverance which has been a leading—we might almost say—the leading feature of his great career, he made up his mind to build an hospital worthy of Kingstown, founded on the broadest lines of toleration and Christian charity. Before the plan of St. Michael's

Hospital was finally adopted, every modern institution of the kind within reach was examined, and all that was good and useful adopted from them; the result of which is, that this hospital is unsurpassed for position, arrangements, ventilation, and medical and sanitary convenience of every kind. To crown all, the founder secured a community of nuns, Sisters of Mercy, to become the managers and nurses of his hospital. The building, which cost some eight or nine thousand pounds, is a handsome and most solid structure of granite, with brick dressings. When Dr. M'Cabe was appointed Bishop of Gadara *in partibus infidelium*, and assistant prelate to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, some of the London newspapers said one of his principal recommendations to Rome was that he had founded a *Sectarian* hospital at Kingstown. The reply to this falsehood, a falsehood founded probably more on malice than ignorance, is not only complete, but even amusing, for, as we happen to know, on the very day the falsehood was printed, there were not only Protestants in St. Michael's Hospital, but there were also two Jews there under treatment!

Dr. M'Cabe always eschewed what is called public life, although, at the call of duty, he has sometimes appeared in public. Some years ago he had a controversy, through the Press, with a Dublin physician, upon a question which was partly medical and partly theological. In that controversy, every one capable of forming a sound judgment on the subject, felt that Dr. Cabe had a complete triumph over his adversary.

The late Judge Keogh delivered what is known as his "famous Galway judgment," in 1872. It was on the trial of a petition against the return of Captain (now Major) Nolan for the County Galway. The trial lasted nearly two months, having begun on the 1st of April, and ended on the 27th of May. The judge, in delivering his judgment against the return of Captain Nolan, forgetting the ermine he wore, attacked the Catholic Church and the Irish priesthood, with the fierceness of an excited advocate. The feelings of Catholic Ireland were aroused from their veriest depths, and meetings were immediately held throughout the country, to deny and indignantly denounce the charges which Mr. Justice Keogh had hurled against his religion and the religion of his coun-

try. The clergy of the diocese of Dublin, presided over by his Eminence, the late Cardinal Cullen, met in St. Kevin's Chapel, Marlborough Street, on the 6th of June, to pass resolutions in repudiation of the gross and unfounded statements put forward in the Galway judgment. On that occasion a powerful address "To the Catholics of the Diocese of Dubiin," was read by the late Mgr. Forde, V.G., which was known to have come from the pen of Dr. M'Cabe. It opens thus:—"Dear Brethren,—A great scandal has come upon us. A judge, a professing Catholic, clothed in the ermine of calm reason and matured wisdom, is reported to have uttered from the judgment seat, words of fiercest insult—words which have roused up the sleeping monster of bigotry through the empire—which have been echoed back to us from England, in menaces of renewed persecution—which have brought disgrace on the cause of justice, and filled the friends of discord and disloyalty with unutterable joy." The address directs special attention to a passage regarding the confessional. "He stigmatizes," says Dr. M'Cabe, "an entire church in the following outburst:—'Parliament is still sitting, and the ministry and the legislature should know that the Catholic clergy, represented by the Rev. Mr. C——n, meant to use the confessional for purposes of election intimidation.'" On which passage Dr. M'Cabe makes this just remark—"which of the two shall be more admired—the good taste of the Catholic, or the logical acumen of the judge?"

And further on he says:—"The judge, in his impetuous zeal against the priests of his native country, seems to have completely forgotten that to this very priesthood, so maligned, Ireland mainly owes her liberty, and he himself his ermine. Can he forget that the nationality of Ireland meant simply the Catholic Church? Can he forget that it was in the Sanctuary alone the sacred fire of the love of fatherland was preserved, awaiting better times, when it might be brought forth to burn more freely? Can he forget that if our countrymen were kept from sinking into the state of barbarism, under the feet of their cruel oppressors, it was the hunted priest, wandering in caves and mountains, sustained the fainting spirit of the nation, and animated the people to perseverance in their trust in God and in hope for their country? Does he forget that the man who

struck from the limbs of his fellow-countrymen the last galling fetters of slavery, was never ashamed to proclaim that without the priesthood of Ireland the cause of liberty, even in his hands, must have failed? And surely he must remember that the great Liberator of his country bowed down before the authority of the Church his giant intelligence; that he was docile to her authority as the simplest peasant in the land; and why? He had seen liberty contended for by revolutions, and to his clear vision it was evident that liberty without religion meant slavery the most intolerable. He knew that the church of God was the only authority which could, at once, brave the folly of the people and the tyranny of the despot."

Judge Keogh pronounced a eulogium on Cromwell, to which Dr. M'Cabe thus refers:—"There stands in the records of Irish woes a name which at once expresses all that is hateful, odious, and cruel—Cromwell, the regicide Cromwell—on whose head rests the blood of a monarch—through whom the royal line has come down to our present Queen—and he must be taken as a demi-god by the judge who sits behind her Majesty's Commission!"

When Cardinal Cullen appeared in Rome at the late Holy Father's Jubilee, in 1877, his friends were alarmed at the great change for the worse they observed in him since his previous visit. They requested—almost insisted—that he should have an assistant prelate to aid him in the discharge of his duties. He assented, and named his old and trusted friend and fellow-worker, the Very Rev. Mgr. M'Cabe, V.G. The appointment was made with such celerity, that the first intimation of it reached the new bishop through the newspapers. "I congratulate you on your new dignity," said one of his curates to Dr. M'Cabe, on the morning the appointment was announced in the *Freeman's Journal*. "What dignity," he asked. "Did you not hear it yet,—you are a bishop." He had not heard a word of it, and the curate had read the *Freeman* before him.

Twenty-five years had elapsed from the time Father M'Cabe was removed from Clontarf to Marlborough-street, when he, as bishop of Gadara, was solicited to preach in the church of Fairview, North Strand, which is a portion of the parish of Clontarf. His name,

after that long period, was still in benediction amongst the people, and amongst the children of the people, for whose sanctification he had laboured in the earlier years of his missionary career; and, says the report of the proceedings, "they received him with universal joy." After the sermon, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held, and an address drawn up and presented to him, in which he was affectionately reminded of the years he had spent in the parish. Allusion was also made to the dignities which had been conferred on him since that time, and the gratification such recognition of his merits had given his Clontarf friends. The chief point in Dr. M'Cabe's short and earnest reply, was remarkable; "Misfortunes," said he, "happen to most men during life, and my misfortune is that I have been made a bishop," which sentiment the meeting denied by a universal "no, no;" but this only caused him to reiterate it more emphatically, thus—"I say unfeignedly and unaffectedly, that I consider it a great misfortune to the diocese, as well as to myself, that I have been made a bishop." We are very certain that, strong as these expressions were, they did not alter the opinion of a single individual at the meeting.

Cardinal Cullen died on the 24th of October, 1878, and the Canons and Parish Priests of the Diocese of Dublin assembled in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough-street, on the 28th of November, for the purpose of recommending to the Holy See, some Ecclesiastic whom they believed worthy to be his successor. The result is given in p. 4 of this Memoir, where it will be seen that by an almost unanimous vote, Rt. Rev. Edward M'Cabe, then P. P. of Kingstown, Bishop of Gadara *in partibus infidelium* and bishop assistant to the Cardinal, who had been just called to his reward was chosen. As it was known that the custom of the Roman Congregations is to adjourn over the Christmas holidays, no decision as to the appointment was expected until some time in the New Year. Report after report reached Ireland on the subject, and public feeling and expectation in Dublin was becoming impatient. At length on the 28th of April, after a delay of five months, the Bulls containing the appointment of Dr. M'Cabe to the See of Dublin arrived, bearing date the 4th of April, 1879.

The first work which the new Archbishop took up was the

preparation for holding a Diocesan Synod, which assembled in the College of Clonliffe on the 25th of November, 1879, and by which many excellent regulations were made. His next care was to make a visitation of his Diocese. During this visitation he spent about seven weeks giving Confirmation in the parishes of the ancient See of Glendalough; and so earnest and enthusiastic was he about his work, that he told a friend on his return that during those seven weeks he had not read a newspaper! In the great agitation which arose soon after Most Rev. Dr. M'Cabe's promotion to the See of Dublin, he was not in accord with the advanced popular party; but as a great predecessor of his once said, "Conscience is a stubborn monitor," and no man, even amongst those who dissented from his views, ventured to assert that he was influenced by any but the highest motives; and those who knew him best know well that no man, lay or cleric, ever loved his country better than he, or was more ready to make sacrifices for its welfare.

About Christmas 1881 it was indicated to the Most Rev. Dr. M'Cabe that the Pope intended to confer upon him the dignity of Cardinal, so he at once made his preparations and departed for the Eternal City early in the New Year (1882). He was formally raised to the Cardinalate on Monday the 27th of March, 1882, as we learn from the following telegraphic despatch sent from Rome on that day:—"The Pope held a consistory to-day, and created seven new Cardinals, amongst them being Dr. M'Cabe, Archbishop of Dublin, Mgr. Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers and Bishop of Seville. His Holiness afterwards delivered an Allocution on the position of the Church."

A subscription was immediately organized to meet the heavy expenses incurred in Rome in connection with his appointment as Cardinal. He had not the means to meet those expenses, but he trusted to the generosity of his countrymen, to enable him to do so, although he made no appeal of any kind to them. He was not disappointed; for the first great list of subscriptions was published on the 1st of April, four days after he was made Cardinal, and the total amount eventually reached about £5,000. We may say in passing, that the money was quite necessary, for not

very long before, he casually remarked to him who now sorrowfully pens these lines that he never possessed £100 he could call his own. He was always giving away money as he received it, and, trusting to God's goodness for his daily wants, he never made any store of it. He suffered much from ill health at times, and since he was made Cardinal he had an attack of the severest kind which lasted nine or ten months, and from which, for a considerable time, it was thought he could not recover. For the last two or three months his health had improved greatly; and when a friend a short time ago congratulated him on this, he replied that he felt so strong that he hoped to be able to do some more work. But the untiring worker and holy Prelate has passed from amongst us suddenly, and when we least expected it. Although we believe he has already entered upon his reward, let us, in the spirit of the Church, continue our prayers for him. The Great Master will on the last day reward the servant who has been faithful, even over a few things; Cardinal M'Cabe was, during his long career, faithful and true in every station; whether as humble curate or Prince of the church, he has done his Master's work with a zeal seldom reached, and never surpassed. But he knew for whom he laboured, and we may feel consoled with a hope full of confidence, that his reward is very great in heaven.

He loved God's poor as few love them, and one of his last requests was to be buried amongst the poor in Glasnevin, *in the ground set apart for them*, a request which has been religiously complied with.

APPENDIX.

THE LAST PASTORAL OF HIS EMINENCE.

“4 Rutland Square, E., Dublin,

“9th February, 1885.

“VERY REV. AND REV. DEAR FATHERS,—The approach of the holy season of Lent reminds us of the unceasing solicitude with which the Church of God watches over the eternal interests of the children committed to her care. During the progress of each year she loses no opportunity of reminding us that life is merely a speck of time, connecting the gulf of nothingness, whence we came, with the shoreless ocean of eternity, whither we are hastening; but that these endless ages awaiting us must take their whole complexion from our conduct during this instant of human life. She tells us that a throne of surpassing and unfading glory must be lost or won on the battlefield of a moment, and that failure in the conflict means misery and disgrace for ever. But although these great truths are written on our souls by our earliest education, they are too often hidden from our eyes by the mists of passion and the dust of worldly struggles. Therefore our Holy Mother endeavours, in some more solemn periods of the year, to draw us aside for a little time from the tumult of the world that we may seriously think of the one only thing really necessary.

“She applies to this solemn season the language of the Apostle, calling it an ‘acceptable time,’ and ‘days of salvation.’ All times, as long as life and grace last, are days of salvation, because a good and merciful God is always willing to incline His ear to our prayer; yet, as the voices of two or three assembled in prayer will call down our Lord to join their supplication, how much greater certainty have we of the presence of this divine intercession if millions, in obedience to His command, approach the throne of His eternal Father to sue for grace and mercy?

“Therefore, Very Rev. Fathers, in your instructions during this holy and acceptable time, urge with all your power on the minds of your people this solemn duty of prayer. Conduct them, in short, to the mountain side where our Lord passed the whole night in the

prayer of God. Bring them to the garden of sorrows where our Lord prepared himself for his coming death, and reminding them that, whilst he needed no prayer for himself, he prayed for us and for our instruction, ask them the simple question, if he did so much for us, what should we do for ourselves?

“There is another essential duty expected from us, if we really wish to make this Lent ‘an acceptable time,’ and its days ‘days of salvation’—the duty of Christian mortification. ‘Turn to me,’ said the Lord of old; but how? ‘In fasting and weeping,’ and by rending, in proof of our repentance, not merely our unoffending garments, but our stubborn hearts. And as that heart has outraged God’s majesty to gratify its desires, we must punish the criminal by ‘works worthy of penance,’ and render some satisfaction for our past rebellions, and deter the rebel from repeating his offence.

“To encourage your faithful people in those exercises of mortification, bring them frequently into the wilderness, where for forty days and forty nights Incarnate Innocence endured an unbroken fast, unrelieved by a crumb of bread or even a drop of water. Remind them that this rigorous fast was gone through not for His own sins, for He had none, He being the ‘Lamb of God who came to take away the sins of the world,’ but for us—to make atonement for our sensuality, and to give to us who are so unwilling to bring forth fruits worthy of penance, an example which may encourage us in an indispensable duty. Remind your faithful flocks that what our Lord has taught by His example, the obedient children of the Church have practised in an early age. Recall to their memories the fact that none have more thoroughly practised that lesson than our own Catholic forefathers, whose austere fasts are well calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of their degenerate offspring.

“We may be told that the austerities of the olden times are not compatible with the weakened constitution of the present day, and that the habits and pursuits of society could not be reconciled with the stern law of Lent. Perhaps so. However this may be, the Church of God, like a considerate mother, has greatly changed her discipline. But has she changed the law of God’s eternal justice, which demands the fullest satisfaction for the insults offered by sin to His majesty? No; she may modify or repeal her own laws, but over God’s eternal laws she has no control or dispensing power.

“Can she change the terrible law of sin imposed on our members by the fall of Adam, and which has called into existence that unceasing warfare between ‘the inward man which is delighted with the law of God, and the members fighting against the law of the mind, and captivating man to the law of sin that is in his members.’—*Rom. vii.*

“Alas, no ; she must deal with her children as sin has made them. Has she, however, no means at her command whereby the soul may be so strengthened in poor fallen man, that he can easily bring into subjection his unruly passions, and make them bow down before that God against whom they were made rebels by the sin of Adam ? Most certainly she has : ‘The grace of God by Christ Jesus our Lord will give him that victory,’ and the sacraments will give that grace with which God endowed His Church. His discipline will so co-operate with the sacraments as to render the yoke of God’s service sweet and his load light. One of the most powerful elements of that discipline is taught by the Church in the few words of the Apostle : ‘I chastise my body and bring it under subjection.’ I may plead infirmity or old age as a title of exemption from the law of fasting ; but unless by mortification I bring my body and its lawless members under subjection to the spirit, I may become what even St. Paul had to guard against, ‘a castaway,’ and this spirit of mortification must be the result of constant self-restraint and self-contradiction. Our adorable Master has put all these facts into one short sentence, ‘If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and daily follow Me.’—*Luke ix.*

“Exhort your people thus to spend this holy season in constant, fervent, and united prayer, and in the practice of that mortification which we can all practise daily, by taking up the cross which God places on our shoulders, and so we may expect from the God of all consolation His most abundant mercies. In these days of salvation, however, let us be under no delusion as to the spirit in which these salutary works of prayer and penitence are to be performed. The Jews, in the words of Isaias, asks—‘Why have we fasted, and Thou hast not regarded ; have we humbled our souls, and Thou hast not taken notice ?’ What was the answer ? ‘Behold, in the day of your fast your own will is found, and you exact of all your debtors.’ They fasted, but they remained unmortified. Whilst they would not indulge their appetites for food and drink, they indulged their depraved inclinations for extortion and cruelty.

“And the Almighty asks : ‘Is this such a fast as I have chosen, for a man to afflict a soul for a day ? Is this it . . . to spread sackcloth and ashes ? Is not this rather the fast I have chosen ?—loose the bands of wickedness, undo the bundles that oppress, let them that are broken go free, and break asunder every burthen ; deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and the harbourless into thy house ; when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thy own flesh. . . . Then shalt thou call, and the Lord will hear ; thou shalt cry, and He will say : Here I am.’—*Isaias lviii.*

“If, then, this acceptable time is to produce its full blessings, to

fasting and prayer must be joined the spirit of mercy to our own flesh in the person of those who require our compassionate consideration. We must remember that the hungry, the houseless, and the naked represent Him who came amongst us in lowliness and poverty, and that if we turn away from them in their poverty, we may one day hear the very awful sentence from the throne of justice: 'Depart from me . . . I was hungry, and thirsty, and naked, and you despised me. For what you refused to do for one of these least, you have refused to do for me.'—*Matt.* xxv.

"But we need not await the coming of the Judge to hear these words of awful import. Even during life the hard-hearted will feel in his inner soul a voice anticipating the voice from the judgment-seat—judgment without mercy to him who will not show mercy.

"But another and an all-essential duty is required of us during this holy time, if it is to be truly for us a 'day of salvation.'

"We may fast and pray and give alms, and all in vain, if our hearts be wedded to sin. We may spread sackcloth and ashes on our bodies and our daily bread, but all to no purpose, unless we 'loose the bands of wickedness' which bind us in the slavery of sin.

"You will therefore, Very Rev. Fathers, during this penitential season, put forth all your powers to arouse poor sinners from the sleep of sin. Remember that we have a divine authority to 'speak, and exhort and rebuke;' that to us, as much as to the prophet of old, is given the command, 'cry, cease not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show thy people these wicked doings, and the house of Jacob their sins.'—*Isaias* lviii.

"The solemn words of Ezechiel should arouse us to a sense of our terrible responsibility in this all-important duty.

"'Son of man,' said the Lord to His prophet, 'I have made thee a watchman to the house of Israel. . . . : If when I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, thou declare it not to him that he may be converted from his wicked way and live, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but I will require his blood at thy hands.' These words are so awful that we may cease to under-rate the strong language of the Apostle; 'woe to me if I preach not.' We can also gather from them the reason why he urged so strongly on his disciple Timothy the duty of preaching—'I charge thee before God and Jesus Christ, who shall judge the living and the dead. . . . Preach the word; be instant in season and out of season, reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine.'

"Yes, 'in all patience,' for although sinners may not endure sound doctrine; although they may 'turn away their hearing from the truth,' we must do our part, and should we fail in our efforts to rescue the sinner, the words of Ezechiel will be our consolation under

our failure. 'But if thou give warning to the wicked, and he be not converted from his wickedness and from his evil way, he, indeed, shall die in his iniquity, but thou hast delivered thy soul.'—*Ezech.* iii.

"There is one detestable crime against which we must lift up our trumpet voice with special zeal, for it is the fountain and origin of almost all the sins of our poor flocks. We mean the degrading crime of drunkenness. You remember that drunkards are amongst those for whom, according to the apostle, there is no place in the kingdom of heaven. Indeed, there should be no toleration for them even in God's kingdom on earth, for a drunkard is the scandal and reproach of rational creation.

"Who could recognise the image and likeness of the Eternal God in that wretched figure, staggering through our streets under the load of drink which overpowers him, rolling in the mire, vomiting out hideous oaths and blasphemies to the terror of all who are compelled to hear him !

"Who could discover the smallest trace of the being whom God made little inferior to angels in that abominable husband and father who reels into his wretched home, the very model of squalid misery, and at whose approach wife and child must fly in terror if they are to escape the most brutal ill-usage? Who will trace in the face of that savage man, more dangerous than a mad dog to all about him, a single lineament to prove him to be a child of Him who says to us all, 'learn of Me because I am meek.' Go into one of these wretched rooms, which unhappily abound in our city, and see a poor pallid, half naked, half starved woman, yet young in years, but with the impress of old age stamped on her countenance. Who is she? A drunkard's wife. She left, perhaps, but a little while ago a happy home to join her lot with one who, in the hearing of earth and heaven, promised to love and cherish her as his own flesh and blood ; but now the once light-hearted, happy girl is sinking into an early grave; the pallor of her cheeks, perhaps, relieved by the livid traces of cowardly violence ; rags, scarcely sufficient for decency, hang on her emaciated body ; over an almost fireless grate, in an utterly unfurnished garret, she moans away her days, and prays for friendly death to come and release her. Alas, poor child ! the vile wretch who promised at God's altar that he would be your comfort and protection, has become your cruelest tyrant, and more savage than are savage beasts to their mates. He looks on unmoved whilst poverty and anguish of spirit eat your young life away. Who is he?—a selfish, degraded, brutal drunkard.

"Go into these proselytising dens where holy ladies carry on an unholy traffic in immortal souls. Whose, to a very large extent, are the children whom you meet there? The drunkards. Go into our

poorhouses and take away the degraded drunkard and his victims, and the pauper ranks will be greatly thinned. Visit our retreats for penitents, and you will hear the sad history of early innocence and spotless purity wrecked by this accursed vice.

“What is the verdict of the coroner’s courts on too many victims of sudden and unprovided death? Dead!—drunk! found drowned!—and when last seen, labouring under the influence of drink, in the company of immoral or doubtful characters. If we could go one step further, and strike from the rolls of the damned the names of those who were brought there by drunkenness, how few of our poor countrymen would remain, for, as a rule, our poor people who receive the sacraments are full of faith and penitence.

“Therefore, Very Rev. Fathers, call your charity and zeal into action during the holy season to rescue from this wicked fiend the souls committed to your charge. We are well aware of the untiring exertion of the clergy of Dublin in the holy cause of temperance. ‘Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it;’ and unless religion be the beginning, the middle, and the end of our struggles to win our people from intemperance, the results will be disappointing; mere human agencies will lead to merely human results, and should they succeed in driving out one vice it may be done by calling in another in its place, less revolting, perhaps, in appearance, and less mischievous in the eyes of men, but perhaps not fatal to man’s eternal welfare.

“In every church of Dublin and its immediate vicinity you have, as we know, established societies of the Sacred Heart or of the Holy Family, which have now enrolled on their books very many thousands of members, men and women. It is true that total abstinence is not a condition of membership, but temperance is. When these men and women meet apart before God’s altar to ask mercy and grace from heaven, and tender protection from God’s Mother, you have golden opportunities of advancing, on truly solid ground, the cause so dear to us all. We are fully aware of your labours in this field, and we will now merely ask you to preserve and, if possible, to redouble your exertions.

“Of course, in spite of all your labour many will obstinately resist the call of God; but be not disheartened, it was so from the beginning and will be so to the end of time. Listen to the admonition of the Apostle—‘Preach the word. Be instant in season and out of season; reprove, entreat, rebuke, and do so in all patience.’ Remember that the just Judge will reward us, not according to the fruits we have brought forth, which are His alone, but according to the labours we have expended in His vineyard, although these labours in the eyes of men may seem entirely thrown away.

“We are, unhappily, too familiar with the records of the ruin of whole families, and the wreck of our country’s hopes, worked out by the wicked secret associations which from time to time have sprung up amongst us. And we safely assert that the dupes of these criminal and most mischievous conspiracies are largely indebted for their wretched condition to the accursed parent of nearly all misfortunes—drunkenness.

“When the emissaries of those condemned societies lay their eyes on their intended victims, they take care to prepare them for the fate in store for them by satiating them with intoxicating drink. With a brain on fire the unhappy fool becomes an easy prey to his seducers, and awaking from his stupor he finds himself in the fangs of a monster from whom escape is almost impossible. When it is too late the unhappy man discovers that in the name of patriotism he has inflicted a secret wound on the country, for which probably he would give his heart’s blood ; and in due course it is probable that he may hear his liberty or life sworn away by the wretch who lured him to his ruin.

“We are convinced that we speak the sentiments of the clergy and laity of this diocese when we express our indignant repudiation of the hideous attempts made for the destruction of property and innocent lives by the foul dynamite conspiracy which has in latter times startled the world by its wickedness. It is said that the object aimed at by this wicked conspiracy is to achieve the independence of Ireland, and to avenge the wrongs inflicted on our unhappy country in former times. God knows that the record of these wrongs forms the blackest page of European history. But surely savage vengeance is not calculated to win God or the world to our side. Indeed, our poor afflicted country has no more deadly foes than the wretched men who give either support or countenance to schemes so detestable.

“Deeply as we all love Ireland, would we not gladly consent to a continuation of her greatest sorrows rather than see her redemption worked out by agencies which God and His Church must anathematize, and which every honest and generous man must reprobate?

“Whoever they may be who have lent themselves to the execution of those works of iniquity, of one thing we may be quite certain, they did not descend to the depths of depravity by one single bound. We may rest satisfied that the training of the secret society trained them slowly but steadily for the perpetration of crimes from which in better days their souls would recoil in horror.

“Therefore, Very Rev. Fathers, warn the youth of your charge to fly, as from the face of a serpent, the emissaries of those secret societies which the Church has always so earnestly condemned, and

as an essential precaution against danger, implore of them to avoid drunkenness, which may prepare the way for the foulest crimes.

“As you are aware, the election for poor-law guardians will be held in the course of the ensuing month, and we need scarcely remind you of the important duties attached to the office. Unfortunately, men sometimes ambition the post without bestowing a thought on the responsibilities it carries with it, or of having any serious determination to discharge the duties attached to it. Hence it happens, and not unfrequently, that even the eternal interests of those for whom they have made themselves responsible are seriously endangered, if not absolutely imperilled. For this criminal neglect of duty God will most certainly call the *nominal guardian* of the poor to a serious account. Therefore no Catholic should present himself for election if he is not determined to discharge efficiently the duties he assumes, and Catholic electors are bound in conscience to support no candidate who has not given guarantees for his future devotion to the obligations he has assumed.

“Hence it is the duty of all, clergy and laity, to adopt immediate measures to secure two things : 1st, the selection of proper candidates ; and 2nd, the calling into action of all the powers available to secure the return of the candidates so selected.

“Great blessings have been conferred on the sick poor of the South Dublin Union by the introduction of the devoted Sisters of Mercy into the wards of its hospital. Greater blessings, if possible, are in store for the female children of the North Union. It would be hard to imagine anything more disappointing than the condition of a girl reared in a poor house. We do not intend to say a fault-finding word with managers of these institutions ; but the system itself is intrinsically wrong, and the girls whom it turns out on the world are utterly unfit to encounter its duties or to face its dangers.

“Her home affections destroyed : the sympathy which bound the child not only to its family, but also to its neighbours and friends, withered ; untrained to home industries and domestic duties, the poor pauper girl, on leaving the workhouse, enters on her new field of duties a stranger to the discipline which should have trained her to obedience and industry.

“The natural result follows. Finding herself in a position for which she is not fitted, she rebels under the yoke put on her very probably by rude hands. She flies back to her old den without the smallest wish ever again to leave it. A sadder ending is of the fate of those who, otherwise brought up, would have become models of womanly utility and Christian goodness.

“With God’s grace all this will be changed if the Sisters, who are invited to take charge of the schools at Cabra, be allowed to enter on

this work unhampered by petty restrictions. And the children of poverty will bless God for a change which has placed them in the hands of mothers more prudently tender than the mother whom they have lost.

“One word more and we will bring this letter to a close. Our illustrious and holy predecessor made a rule in reference to deserted children, which we wish to re-affirm.

“It was that the finder of a deserted child, should bring it to the nearest church and have it baptized ; that the clerk or some official of the church should be the child’s sponsor ; that a certificate of baptism should be given to the person presenting the child to the poorhouse authorities ; and that, if required, the sponsor should attend the Admission Board, to give any testimony which the case might require.

“We will ask the Parish Priests and Rectors of Churches to have a notice to the above effect read at least once a month, by the preacher of the day, before his sermon. If those precautions be taken, the children of Catholic parents, who otherwise may be lost to the Church, will be secured to her for life.

“Believe me, Very Rev. and Rev. dear Fathers, faithfully and sincerely yours,

“✠ E. CARD. McCABE,
“Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of
Ireland,” &c.



